

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

WRITTEN BY

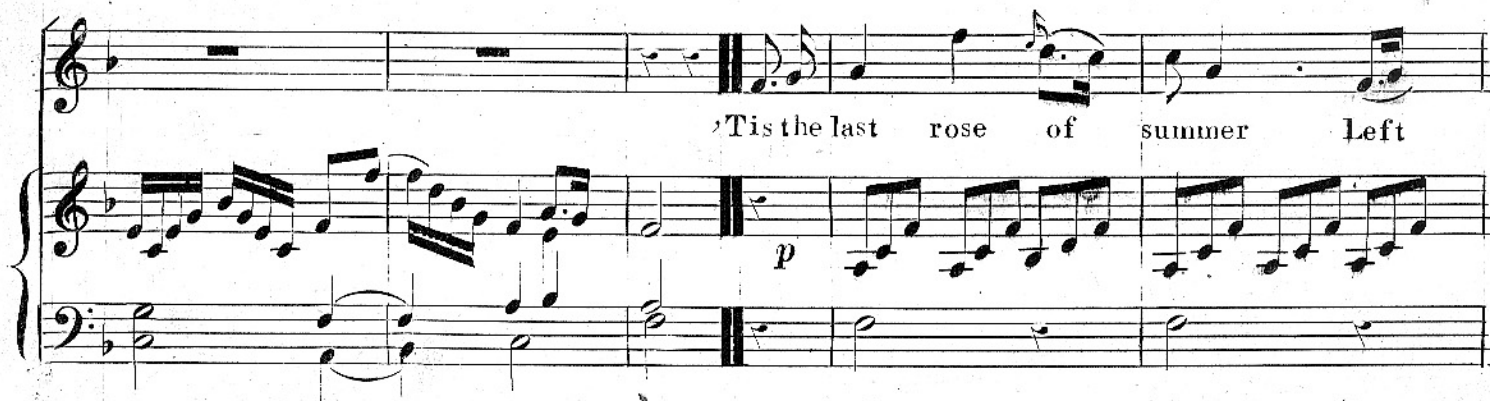
THOMAS MOORE,

Arranged by

SIR JOHN STEVENSON

*For Sale from B. S.*  
St Louis BALMER & WEBER 56 Fourth St

Feelingly



gene; *fr* No flow'r of her kin dred, No rose bud is nigh, To re-  
 -flect back her blushes Or give sigh for sigh! *tr*  
*mfr*

2

I'll not leave, thee, thou lone one!  
 To pine on the stem;  
 Since the lovely are sleeping,  
 Go sleep thou with them;  
 Thus kindly I scatter  
 Thy leaves o'er the bed  
 Where thy mates of the garden  
 Lie scentless and dead.

3

So soon may I follow,  
 When friendships decay,  
 And from Love's shining circle  
 The gems drop away!  
 When true hearts lie wither'd,  
 And fond ones are flown  
 Oh who would inhabit,  
 This bleak world alone.